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AS WE WRITE THESE LINES the thermometer stands somewhere in the late twenties, the wind is howling a gale around the corner, and those unfortunate persons who must walk in the street instead of being permitted to sit by a steam radiator have bright red noses and tear-filled eyes. Nevertheless, expert journalists that we are, we must report to our readers that a day or so after this copy of *The Nation* falls into their hands an event of world-shaking importance will take place. We refer to the Vernal Equinox, which on March 21 will usher in the spring. Spring, our readers will remember, is the season which so commonly follows winter; we have done some rather painstaking research on the subject of spring, and find it defined in the Encyclopaedia Britannica substantially as follows: "Spring—a season of the year (March 21-June 20); begins with influenza and ends with hay fever; during this period seed catalogues are published with colored pictures of beets as big as cabbages, lettuce as green as a newly painted park bench, and peas that mature fifty-four days after planting. (Note. Careful investigation results in the belief that vegetables of this sort are never seen north of latitude 16′ 8″ and hardly ever south of it.) During the latter part of the spring steam is no longer required by law in steam-heated apartments; it is accordingly turned off, preferably during one of the colder days in late April. The more common signs of spring are: 1. Coal wagons delivering next winter's coal. 2. Fur coats being rescued from a premature bed of moth-balls. 3. Birds flying south to get warm. 4. The passing of the strawberry season in the vicinity of New York City (the dates are usually from about December 20 to March 19)." This is doubtless sufficient to give our readers a good general idea of the subject. Further data can be sent by mail on request. Address Spring Editor, *The Nation.*

"BUTTON, BUTTON! Who's got the button?" used to be a beguiling game of childhood. The diplomatists of Europe are still playing the game, but they have changed the rigmarole to run: "Formula, formula! Who's got the formula?" Well, who has? Why Elihu Root, of course. Mr. Root is in his eighty-fifth year but he is still as able and astute a diplomatist as the world knows. So when he arrived in Geneva with a commission from Mr. Kellogg to find, or make, a way by which the United States might enter the World Court, all the politicians lined up and listened. We offered to go into the World Court in 1926—but with five reservations. Europe swallowed the first four but gagged at the fifth, which would have given us a practical veto power over all the court's proceedings by providing that the tribunal should not entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any question in which the United States had or claimed an interest. Mr. Root suggests that when the World Court is asked for an advisory opinion the United States shall have the opportunity, within a fixed time, to make a written protest. An exchange of views shall then take place between the United States and the country asking for the opinion, and if each persists in sticking to its position then the United States shall have the privilege of withdrawing from the court "without any imputation of unfriendliness." Since the United States already has the right of withdrawal at any time, Mr. Root's formula would seem merely to assure it the privilege of quitting without being called a quitter. Our prediction is that the League will accept the formula, as it is an ingenious way of eliminating the reservation while permitting the United States to participate in the World Court—so long as there is no prospect that it will hand down a decision unpalatable to us.

FROM A WORLD COURT to a world bank is not an impossible or illogical step, and the organization of the latter may come out of the meeting in Paris, under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young of the United States, which is discussing German reparation payments. The committee, it is true, expressly disclaims that the suggestion before it is for a super-bank, but the news dispatches persist in referring to it as such, and it is just as well to see in advance the full possibilities of the scheme for good or evil. In a

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communiqué on the subject the committee argues that the time has come for displacing temporary war-time machinery with a more permanent organization adapted to a state of peace—a control which would be economic instead of political. The proposed bank would replace the existing Transfer Commission as also the Reparation Commission. Primarily it would act as a trustee in receiving German reparation payments and in disbursing them among the creditor nations. It would also be a center for foreign exchange and would act "in marketing such bonds as might be issued for the commercialization of the German annuities." This sentence clearly means that one purpose of the bank would be to sell in the United States a bond issue based on German indemnities if such a scheme should be arranged. It is too early yet to pronounce definitely on the plan. Both the Nationalists and the Socialists in France are criticizing it for fear that it might accentuate exactly what it is put forward to lessen—political control of an economic situation. Though Germany's representatives in Paris approve the scheme, the *Neueste Nachrichten* of Munich attacks it as likely to place world credit and trade at the mercy of the proposed bank.

THE MEXICAN REBELLION is still at this writing a very lively affair, but each day has been bringing evidence of the advantage possessed by the Government. The recapture of Vera Cruz and Monterey by the Federals and the execution of two rebel generals marked the first week of fighting. Dispatches indicate that the struggle is largely a battle of generals, with the common soldiers ready to desert the losing side and switch loyalties at a moment's notice. We like this spirit because it demonstrates the fundamental truth that generals are not worth dying for. We are delighted also at the calm way in which both our Government and our people have taken the Mexican trouble. When American citizens were killed at El Paso and Juarez by stray bullets no tidal wave of anger swept the country. Perhaps a serious situation would have developed if the shooting had been done by "reds" and the Administration had been looking for an excuse for intervention. Fortunately, Mr. Morrow is in Mexico City with a generous supply of friendliness and common sense, and at Washington there is also genuine friendship for the Calles-Portes Gil regime. We are shipping guns and ammunition to the Federals but not to the rebels. This policy of help to the Government and an embargo against the rebels did much to defeat the De la Huerta rebellion in 1924, and it may be the deciding factor now.

ITALY IS SOON to have the experience of electing a Chamber of Deputies, but it has been arranged so neatly that it will be practically painless except for those overfastidious Italians who think the present regime is not quite perfect. A few weeks ago, thirty-two Fascist organizations, representing capital, labor, universities, war veterans, schools, government employees—indeed every branch of activity, excluding politicians and editors—submitted lists of "candidates" to the Fascist Grand Council. (At the head of each list, strangely enough, was the name of one Benito Mussolini.) From these lists, comprising 1,000 names, the Fascist Grand Council chose 400 men (including Mr. Mussolini). All that the nine million Italian voting men have to do on election day is to vote "Yes" or "No" to the entire list. If there is a majority of "Yes"-men, the Chamber is elected. If not—but that is a possibility not worth mentioning. In fact *Il Brillante,* a Fascist newspaper, recently got into trouble for a much milder case of mentioning. The chief editorial writer, after saying that the list was good because it was headed by Mussolini's name, went on to remark that "one is not forbidden to say that the list is also effectively good, seeing that one is forbidden to say that it has some defects," and ended with the impudent observation that "human things, even if Fascist, cannot be perfect. On this all are in accord." Apparently all were not in accord, for *Il Brillante* was suppressed.

THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY into the causes of the Italia collapse has served to deepen the mystery surrounding that tragic episode. The entire blame for the accident is loaded on the shoulders of General Nobile who is charged with bad airmanship, lack of care in selecting his men, and failure to control the crew when the crisis came. This verdict is surprising, but no more so than the complete exoneration of Zappi and Mariano. These two officers, who left the Swedish scientist Malmgren to die on the ice, were commended for their courage, not blamed for their desertion. Without having heard the evidence it is difficult to criticize the verdict; but we remain skeptical. Nobile may have yielded to panic when the ship struck, and certainly his action in allowing himself to be rescued before his men created an impression of cowardice; but at least he had reason to believe that his companions would be saved promptly. For Mariano and Zappi there is less to be said. They left Malmgren to die; charges were made that they—or at least Zappi—had killed him and eaten his flesh; Zappi, when rescued, is said to have worn some of Malmgren's clothing and was admittedly well and strong in spite of his story of starvation. An interesting commentary on the commission's investigation was made by Dr. Behounek, Czecho-Slovak member of the expedition, who went to Rome to testify. Dr. Behounek criticizes the verdict both as regards General Nobile and Captains Zappi and Mariano. He describes the two latter's desertion of Malmgren as the action of "abnormal men or lunatics" and implies that the astonishing commendation of them may be traced to the fact that they were fellow-officers of the members of the commission, all naval men.

FROM A VALUED READER we have received a protest against our characterization of the new Attorney-General, William D. Mitchell, in our last issue. That was necessarily brief. We are glad now to add to our reference to Mr. Mitchell as a former partner of that reactionary justice of the Supreme Court, Pierce Butler, and as a "two hundred per cent" American that he stands at the very top of his profession and is the best appointment as Attorney-General in years. Our correspondent says of Mr. Mitchell:

> He is a man of the finest character, complete devotion to the public weal, practices the best standards of the profession, and is bound to reflect all these essential virtues for regeneration of the administration of the laws and the improvement of the federal bench. It is highly important that he be given every possible support in the really terrible burden that falls to one who assumes the Attorney-Generalship at this stage. If past performances are any guide at all, Mr. Mitchell ought to be one of the most notable Attorney-Generals we have ever had.

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We are glad, indeed, that so much good can be said of him, but we must also point out that Mr. Mitchell is being criticized in connection with the case of the fleecing of Jackson Barnett, the rich Indian oil-land owner. Moreover, one who is as narrowly nationalistic and patriotically intolerant as Mr. Mitchell is reported to be may exercise a highly unfavorable influence both as legal adviser to the President and as molder of the governmental machinery of prosecution—witness A. Mitchell Palmer and latterly William J. Donovan.

IT IS A ROCKY ROAD that Franklin D. Roosevelt has been forced to travel since his election as Governor of New York made him a possible choice for the leadership of the Democratic Party in 1932. Perhaps the Republicans have sensed his national importance and are determined to crucify him politically at all costs. At any rate they have blocked everything of importance which he has planned for the State, and thus far he has been wholly unwilling or unable to come to terms with them. Mr. Roosevelt wants a gasoline tax and the reduction of the State income tax; the Republican legislators, who have a majority at Albany, want the abolition of the direct tax on real estate. Many of the Governor's social-welfare bills have been smothered or altered beyond recognition in committee. He asked for the extension of workmen's compensation to all occupational diseases; the Republicans gave him a law which applied only to persons injured by X-ray or radium in hospitals. He asked for an appropriation of $25,000 for an expert commission to study old-age pensions for the State; the Republicans defeated the appropriation and are considering a political committee for this purpose. Governor Roosevelt has replied that if the Legislature provides a political committee to consider old-age pensions, he will appoint an expert committee of his own and raise the money for it personally. Contrary to first impressions, Mr. Roosevelt and his director of charities, Charles H. Johnson, seem to be working vigorously for a thorough investigation of this whole subject of old-age security, which is now being discussed in the legislatures of twenty-five States. Whatever may be thought of his taxation and power program, there can be no doubt that Governor Roosevelt is making a good record in the fight for welfare legislation.

WHEN PAUL M. WARBURG speaks of Federal Reserve methods the world is bound to listen, for he is at least the spiritual father of the whole system. In his last report as president of the International Acceptance Bank, which he founded, he deals with the loss of control of the American money market by the Federal Reserve system. He declares that the machinery "governing its steering apparatus is too complicated to be either safe or efficient." The system began well, he thinks, and speedily rose to world leadership, only to lose that position in a year owing to its failure

> promptly and effectively to reverse the engines at the critical moment. The rudder then passed into the hands of Stock Exchange operators who have now for many months governed the flow of money, not only in the United States, but in the principal marts of the world. History, which has a painful way of repeating itself, has taught mankind that speculative over-expansion invariably ends in over-contraction and distress. . . . If orgies of unrestrained speculation are permitted to spread too far, however, the ultimate collapse is certain not only to affect the speculators themselves, but also to bring about a general depression involving the entire country.

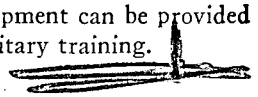
Mr. Warburg criticized the Federal Reserve system because of its failure to bring rediscount rates "into a proper relation to actualities" and its hesitation in reestablishing its leadership. But he adds that the fault lies less with the men in charge than with defects of organization.

THE DEFEAT OF ROBERT W. STEWART by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the contest for control of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was a personal triumph for the latter, but it was far from being a vindication of American business honor. Mr. Rockefeller won in the vote because he controlled 5,500,000 shares as against Colonel Stewart's 3,000,000, but the individual stockholders voted almost two to one to sustain Colonel Stewart. Moreover, the housecleaning which the company needed was not carried out. Edward G. Seubert, who becomes the chief executive of the company, has supported Colonel Stewart consistently and condoned his conduct in taking $759,000 of the fraudulent profits of the Continental Trading Company and in deceiving the Senate about those profits. With him remain the directors who likewise supported Colonel Stewart. The inescapable inference to be drawn from the stockholders' vote is that the average small investor does not care whether corporation heads are honest or crooked so long as they continue to send him fat dividend checks. Colonel Stewart leaves his place in the Standard Oil family amid cheers to become head of another great oil combine, where he will be respected by the leaders of the industry just as Sinclair and Doheny have been. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller presents the appearance of a Sunday-school teacher in a den of thieves.

THE NEW PRESIDENT of De Pauw University, G. Bromley Oxnam, has announced the abolition of compulsory military training in that institution in a statement that deserves wide circulation. After quoting an authoritative resolution of the Methodist Episcopal church, which controls De Pauw, in opposition to compulsory military training in colleges, Mr. Oxnam said:

> I do not think that compulsory military training can be justified from the standpoint of preparedness itself. True preparedness is preparedness for peace. Military preparedness is preparedness for war. The fundamental assumption beneath military preparedness is that war is inevitable. While affirming hatred for war, the advocates of military preparedness create a mind-set that assumes its inevitability. . . . I am . . . interested in graduating people from De Pauw University who are possessed of world minds, intimately acquainted with the peoples of the world, and pledged to a new method of settling international disputes, namely, the use of the intelligence instead of the sword. I refuse to compel students to take courses in military science when the course material is prepared by the War Department and is not subject to faculty review.

Encouragement for the opponents of compulsory military training in our colleges also comes from the University of Washington, where President M. Lyle Spencer has declared that he wishes to see the present compulsory drill made optional as soon as physical training equipment can be provided for those who do not wish to take military training.



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The Inaugural That Might Have Been

(With Apologies to Herbert Hoover)

FELLOW CITIZENS:

No one could stand in this sacred place for this purpose without emotion almost beyond control, without an overwhelming sense of his inadequacy to tasks that with each generation, each decade, yes, each year become more challenging, more overwhelming in their magnitude and their ramifications. The office initiated and ennobled by George Washington, the office which slipped from the dying hands of Abraham Lincoln—what man could assume it without a feeling of exaltation, utterly removed from self-satisfaction or conceit; without deep apprehension lest he prove unworthy of the tremendous trust bestowed in him by the confidence and good-will of his fellow-countrymen? Words are inadequate here; one can only pledge oneself with all the sincerity and earnestness of which one is capable to essay the office in that spirit of devotion and humility which made possible the success of others.

You are entitled by historic tradition to receive from me at this solemn hour some further indication of the chart by which, with Heaven's aid, I shall endeavor to steer my course. Let it be known, then, that this new administration of the American Government is dedicated to those plain people and their interests which Abraham Lincoln understood and cherished beyond all of our other public men. As they prosper, so prospers the state, so does it grow in happiness, in content, in efficiency, in power, and in justice. Government in these United States must not only be by the majority, but for the majority. If it is government for any minority it is faithless to our traditions and our institutions; if it becomes government for the few, especially if they be the rich, the privileged, and the favored, then does it constitute treason to the fundamental concepts of America.

Against any further tendency in this direction I shall fling myself with all the power and strength that I have. To check it, once for all, I shall summon the aid of every compatriot who at least believes that this was meant to be not only a land of freedom but *the* land of equality—social, political, and economic equality. Recently we have heard from that member of the Cabinet who is charged with supervising the fortunes of our great working class that no less than 87 per cent of our people are on the verge of poverty. If that be true, there is no more vital duty before us than to extend that marvelous prosperity which has given to 13 per cent of our population comfort, wealth, and luxury undreamed of in history to the great masses who today have no margin of safety, no hope even of assuring by their own effort a serene and comfortable old age.

To this task I pledge myself. But not, my fellow-countrymen, because I believe in creature comfort and prosperity above all else. He who worships at that shrine bows down before a heathen idol. Long generations ago it was written that man shall not live by bread alone. Bread he must have and should have in greater plenty and with it the accompaniments of a richer and more varied civilization. But above prosperity remain those watchwords which beyond all else animated the Founders: liberty, equality, fraternity, justice on earth. Still they point to the stars; still they beckon upward and onward; still they are the chief directions upon the compass by which the ship of state must be steered. A full garage, yes; a home freed from care, yes. But beyond that let us have a feeling in every man's and woman's heart under our flag that justice does reign; that equality of opportunity is unlimited; that the government of the United States knows no distinction in its care of every citizen; that fair play controls in every government bureau as in every court in the land. We have drifted far from that ideal. The course of justice is hindered and bound by restrictions and costs and delays beyond excuse that make for injustice, that favor the rich to whose service spring lawyers, not servants of the court, but money-seekers skilled in every possible subterfuge and method of delay. It is in the people's mouth that as a camel may not pass through the eye of a needle, so is a rich man in America not to be passed through the door of a jail.

It is likewise of record that in the year just closed our American authorities have been so recreant to the ideal of free speech and free assembly that no fewer than fifty-three legal meetings were banned or broken up by police and no fewer than 524 prosecutions against free speech were undertaken by officials who, God forgive them, were ignorant of, or recreant to, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Bill of Rights. For any American to avow that he is against these practices seems utterly superfluous. But so great is the prevailing infidelity to these American tenets that I avow and affirm that I shall spend, if need be, the last ounce of strength I have to combat and confound it. I shall enforce the prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act, as long as they are the law of the land, to the uttermost of my ability. I shall remove every official who violates that law, and where I can I shall punish and dishonor the recreant. I shall at once appoint a commission of integrity and nonpartisanship to investigate and report not only as to crime and criminality, but as to whether the prohibition law is enforceable or not. I shall ask for a referendum on prohibition.

But one subject more. I am a member of that religious sect which has survived years of injustice, misrepresentation, and dreadful persecution because it has been unyielding and unpurchasable in its opposition to force and violence in human relations. Everyone will understand that in the field of international relations nothing so abides with me as the question of peace and war. The progress of the science of wholesale murder has brought humanity to such a pass that the wisest of men here and abroad question whether civilization itself could survive another great war. Today the United States and other great nations are armed as never before, despite the assurance given in 1917 by the then President of the United States that we were embarked on a war to end war. Fellow-countrymen, take from me the solemn and holy pledge that as long as I hold the mighty office to which you have chosen me there will be no

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war with my sanction and no resort to force in any of our national relations, not in Mexico, or Nicaragua, or China, not in any hemisphere or in any clime.

With me right alone shall prevail; the resort to might shall have no place in my government's plans or possibilities. So I shall cooperate freely with every peace-making agency the world over. I shall urge Congress to disarm as we of the United States were safely and nobly disarmed for a century of our national life without a foreign war save of our own seeking; I believe that the way to disarm is to disarm, that we need therefor the consent of no foreign government. It shall be a supreme aim of my administration to abolish war by every possible means—by international conference, by better means of arbitration, by freedom of trade throughout the world, by a genuine outlawry of war, conscious that in no other way can there be given greater aid to the advancement, the prosperity, the safety, and the freedom of the American people and of the working classes of the entire world.

Thus I end where I began, avowing imperishable fealty to the great American masses and to the institutions under which they live—institutions to be bettered, modernized, and rendered more flexible as time passes, in the interest of a nobler social order, a more genuine and all-pervading social justice. To paraphrase the words of one of our greatest Americans of foreign birth: "My country, may it ever survive! When wrong to be set right; when right to be kept right."

War Lies

ONCE more the war atrocity. A dispatch from London reports that Sir Berkeley Moynihan, an army surgeon, has said in a recent speech: "We heard in 1916 that the Germans were going to use the plague as a weapon and we actually recovered plague bacilli from bombs dropped over the Fifth Army. The plague is spread by a parasite of the fleas on rats. So we encouraged cats, owls were protected, and gamekeepers were encouraged to keep down rats and so prevent the spread of the plague." In other words, the rats ate the bacilli from the fragments of the bombs dropped over the Fifth Army; the owls and cats that lived in the trenches—and were always spared by the German shells and machine gun-fire—ate the rats and were carefully petted and encouraged by the gamekeepers, who, as everybody is aware, were attached to every battalion to keep it supplied with nice, fresh, hot, and tasty game just before it went over the top!

What could be more ridiculous than this revival of the atrocity charge? Every intelligent person knows that if in 1916 there had been the slightest evidence that the Germans were using a plague bacillus it would not have remained Sir Berkeley Moynihan's private property for one day, much less thirteen years. For in 1916 the Allies were putting forth every possible atrocity story to win neutral sympathy and American support. We were fed every day with the stories of the Belgian children whose hands were cut off, the Canadian soldier who was crucified to a barn door, the nurse whose breasts were cut off, the German habit of distilling glycerine and fat from their dead in order to obtain lubricants; and all the rest. Had any story so good as that of plague bacilli been available, it would have been spread all over the world by the most efficient factory of lies developed during the war in any country—each and every nation had one, including our own—which happened to be the English.

We should not be dignifying this yarn of Sir Berkeley were it not that it appears just after the publication of a notable book by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., entitled "Falsehood in War."* It is a brief work, but its pages contain devastating proof not only of the fact that "when war is declared truth is the first casualty," but that it is the first casualty by reason of deliberate intention, often on the part of those high in authority. In every case Mr. Ponsonby does not ask the public to take his word for it, but gives official proof, or evidence of a kind that cannot be questioned. Thus we have this statement by Colonel Repington in his "Diary of the World War," vol. II, p. 447:

> I was told by Cardinal Gasquet that the Pope promised to make a great protest to the world if a single case could be proved of the violation of Belgian nuns, or cutting off of children's hands. An inquiry was instituted and many cases examined with the help of the Belgian Cardinal Mercier. Not one case could be proved.

Similar evidence is given by the former French Minister of Finance, M. Klotz, who was censor for the French press at the outbreak of the war. That, however, has not kept a Liverpool poet from publishing recently a patriotic poem in which occurs the following verse:

> They stemmed the first mad onrush
> Of the cultured German Hun,
> Who'd outraged every female Belgian
> And maimed every mother's son.

Again, everybody heard of the Louvain altar-piece wantonly thrown into the flames of the burning library by a German officer. At the Peace Conference compensation was demanded for this, yet the altar-piece was actually rescued by a German officer and is in the possession of the City of Louvain today. Similarly there was no crucified Canadian, and the British officer who invented the pitiful story of the cruelly treated baby of Courbeck Loo has confessed that he invented the baby and then killed it when he received five thousand offers to adopt it. But Mr. Ponsonby does not stop with telling the story of fake atrocities and faked photographs. He deals with the doctoring of official papers, especially with the lies told in all countries to create news. He gives moreover the facts as to the deliberate falsification by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons in 1911, when he deceived not only his country but most of the members of the Cabinet of which he was a member by his assertion that England had no binding agreement with France in regard to Belgium. Never was a statesman so clearly convicted of mendacity. Yet as late as 1921 he was reiterating his statement, perhaps in order to make himself believe it. Mr. Ponsonby has done an admirable piece of work, which ought to be read thoughtfully by every intelligent person. For when the next war breaks out statesmen will lie again; again deliberately set out to deceive and to cheat the people in order to make them hate and fight.

* E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

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Seagoing Seaports

THE airplane is creating a new world of its own not only in the air and on the ground but on the high seas as well. A seaport used to be the closest approach a landsman could make to the sea while still having a fixed abode. At least that was true with the exception of the small group of persons engaged in tending lighthouses entirely surrounded by water. But in the interest of the airplane it seems that we are about to go a step farther. We are going to send seaports to sea. It is not enough to have them on the edge of the ocean; they must be out in the midst of it.

The technical difficulties of flying across the Atlantic would, of course, be greatly reduced if it were possible to descend for fuel and, if necessary, to dodge fog or storm at a series of landing places en route. For the passenger, too, the trip would become much more tolerable if he could break the journey from time to time. And all this will be possible shortly if present plans work out for the construction of a series of ports in mid-Atlantic. Naturally these seagoing seaports are to have a name of their own. Edward R. Armstrong, the designer, calls them seadromes—in contrast to airdromes. It is as good a name as is likely to be chosen, though we insist that our own phrase, seagoing seaports, is more descriptive.

Whatever the name, the idea cannot fail to appeal to the imagination. Mr. Armstrong proposes to build a steel platform about 400 by 200 feet, large enough, he thinks, for an airplane to land upon or take off from. But this will not be a mere landing place. There is to be a hotel with food and drink (the latter possibly more potent than is legal in the United States, although the promoter does not promise this) for the accommodation of passengers. And of course there is to be a machine-shop for the repair of distressed airplanes. Doubtless there will be as many other reminders of life ashore as the limited space will permit. This series of airdromes—the plan calls eventually for eight of them spaced across the Atlantic—will, if successful, not bridge but break the ocean between us and Europe. It will be as if an earthquake or a new series of convulsions within the earth should throw up a chain of small islands across the Atlantic.

For these seagoing seaports are expected to be as fixed in position as islands, although their surface cannot be guaranteed to maintain the same steadiness. The plan is to hold each seadrome in place with four great chains attached to anchors imbedded in the ocean's bottom. To the average person this seems like the most difficult and daring part of the venture. For the first of the series of seadromes—to be moored midway between New York and Bermuda—it is announced that the anchor chains will be four miles long. This would seem to involve great difficulties; but he who lives shall see.

Wisely, anyhow, the plan is to try only one seadrome at first, that between New York and Bermuda. Work will begin on it this year, we are promised, in Delaware Bay, whence it will be towed, when completed some time in 1930, to its ocean home. We shall hail this man-made island, if realized, as one of the new wonders of an ever more wonderful world.

Hamilton Explains

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the greatest Secretary of the Treasury before Andrew W. Mellon—or so he will doubtless come to be known—was a brilliant man of affairs as well as a highly gifted officer of his country. Yet once he fell into as difficult a position as a public man has ever known, and extricated himself by means which show how much the conventional standards of morals have changed in America since his time. A serious charge—that of speculating in government claims—was brought against him during Washington's second term. He completely and finally exonerated himself of any peculation or dishonorable conduct against his country—but he did so by explaining, as he said, that his real crime was "an amorous connection" with the wife of his principal accuser, one James Reynolds, "with his privity and connivance, if not originally brought on by a combination between the husband and wife with the design to extort money from me."

This amazing confession was presented by Hamilton himself in a document called the Reynolds Pamphlet, which contained, besides the explanation, copies of letters written by the lady and her husband. What had taken place, evidently, was a rather common attempt at blackmail by Mrs. Reynolds with her husband's help. She came to Hamilton in tears begging him for financial assistance for her husband; Hamilton promised to deliver funds to her house the following day when, as he explains, "Some conversation ensued, from which it was quickly apparent that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable." The affair went on, the lady very deeply engaged, or so it seemed, the more so as Hamilton soon tired of the situation and became annoyed by Reynolds's repeated demands for money. Letters from Mrs. Reynolds declaring "I feel as If I should not Continnue long and all the wish I have Is to se you once more that I may my doubts Cleared up for God sake be not so voed of all humanity as to deni me this Last request" did not move him. But he was compelled to spread the whole sordid affair before the world before he was free of it.

> This confession [he says] is not made without a blush. . . . I can never cease to condemn myself for the pang which it may inflict in a bosom eminently entitled to all my gratitude, fidelity, and love. But that bosom will approve . . . [and] the public, too, will, I trust, excuse the confession. The necessity of it to my defense against a more heinous charge could alone have extorted from me so painful an indecorum.

Yet the curious thing, in our day, is that, having made his explanation, he really was exonerated. What man in public life today could explain away a charge of dishonesty by relating a vulgar intrigue? We have proceeded from the hearty probity of the frontier to the age of censorship. Our Sinclairs, our Daughertys, our Stewarts, our Blackmers are comfortably at large, although some of them at least have been called dishonest by no less an authority than the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet on their private lives there is no stain. They may live safely through charges of financial corruption, but a public sex scandal would be sufficient to blow them out of any further possibility of popular tolerance or support.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN spite of certain episodes in the last campaign the principle of religious toleration is deeply rooted in American tradition. Possibly it would be fairer to say it functions with a single exception. At the bottom of most swinging declarations in favor of religious freedom there might well be a footnote saying: "But of course this doesn't go for Catholics." However, the Catholic church is not helpless in the face of attack. While it seems to be true that no Catholic is at all likely to succeed to the Presidency in our generation, membership in this body is a distinct asset to prospective office-holders in many of our large cities. The power which the Klan has threatened to exercise over rural America belongs to a large extent to the Catholic church in urban communities. In a general sort of way the United States can be divided into two political camps—the city Catholics against the agricultural Protestants.

It seems to me that the Church of Rome has been content not to press its power to the limit in most campaigns. But in two important respects it does serve to thwart necessary reforms. Any modification of existing prohibitions against the spread of birth control and any move to liberalize divorce will find Catholics united and irreconcilable. To be fair there is a great deal of Protestant opposition to easy divorce and to the legalization of contraceptive information, but the Catholic church furnishes the backbone of organization in this opposition just as the Methodists and Baptists are the cornerstone of the Anti-Saloon League.

The last election has made criticism difficult. If anybody undertakes to chide Catholics for their divorce or birth-control stand he immediately becomes a bigot and a Ku Kluxer. And in the same way a denunciation of the evangelical bodies opens the critic to the charge that he is a secret agent of the Pope. There ought to be a camp for those prepared to say, "A plague on both your houses." At the present time any liberal or radical movement in America must be anti-clerical. Freedom in America cannot be won until there is a great diminution in the power of organized religion all along the line. Such a fight is difficult, for the tradition of religious liberty is wholly sound. You cannot legislate anybody away from his faith. Any sort of coercion is the wildest sort of folly. But tolerance should bar no man from speaking the truth as he sees it. It should be possible to speak with the utmost frankness about religion. Here and there old blasphemy laws bar the way. These should be tested out and shown up.

An even greater barrier exists in what is called "good taste." Magazines and newspapers are seldom hospitable to attacks upon organized religion. Legal tyrannies visited upon atheist agitators never excite any editorial comment. I think that the fight being carried on by certain agnostic fanatics is possibly the most important propaganda now being conducted in America. I cannot myself fight shoulder to shoulder with these men, because I do not share all their beliefs. It does not seem to me essential to get the Bible out of the schools, and I can do no more than grin when I read certain attacks upon that book as an impious haven of immoral teaching. Indeed I am saddened to find that certain of the irreligionists are tainted with the same Puritanism which afflicts the true believers.

As a mild sort of Unitarian, I am not willing to admit that essential fundamental Christianity is necessarily a barrier to human freedom and happiness. I can conceive a Utopia even though the inhabitants of that city happen to believe in a God. But I cannot conceive of liberty in a land which worships a jealous and a vengeful God. It is impossible to move more than a few feet toward any reform without running slam bang into the opposition of some powerful Christian denomination. If it were possible to wipe out dogmatic religion by pressing a button I would hold my finger upon that bell with all the fidelity of the small boy who blocked the ocean from sneaking through on Holland. Organized Christianity makes personal liberty impossible, mars education, and supports the utter brutalities of our prison system.

Speak out for the abolition of capital punishment and you will be met by the fierce resistance of the eye for an eye fundamentalists. Argue for the mercy of birth control and you will be answered by those who declare that it is beyond the scope of God's intention. And it is of course the preachers who carry on the fight against evolution, a fight which may in time cripple scientific education in America. Such reformers as would lighten the load of children by abolishing corporal punishment in the schools, or out of it, are faced by the fact that the virtues of the rod are mentioned in Holy Writ. And you will find no disposition among Christian men and women to make our educational institutions places of joy instead of little prisons. Very specifically all attempts to enlighten the younger generation upon the vitally important matter of sex must be made over the protests of the sanctified. Venereal disease might possibly be wiped out within fifty years by a campaign for prophylaxis but Christian men and women hold that no sinner may be protected from God's vengeance.

How can you expect mercy or understanding from any who believe in a God willing to condemn his own imperfect creatures to everlasting torment? Our jails reflect the spirit of a community which believes that sin may be exorcised only through punishment. We have recently witnessed the tumult which occurred throughout the country because a Catholic was nominated for President, but it is nothing to what would happen if any party was reckless enough to choose an agnostic as its leader. Or a Jew, for that matter. In clear defiance of the spirit of the Constitution the fiction has been set up that this is a Christian country. Our conventions are opened with partisan prayers. Every President or prospective one must lard his State papers with pious platitudes whether he believes in them or not. Herbert Hoover wears his Quakerism lightly enough to pay a tribute to the efficacy of armed force, but nevertheless he finds it expedient to make regular visits to some small meeting-house or other, carefully picking out the one which seems a shade less pacifistic than the others. The pursuit of happiness belongs to us, but we must climb around or over the church to get it.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Murder by Coal and Iron Police

By WILLIAM L. NUNN and FREDERICK E. WOLTMAN

"TERRORISM, thuggery, invasion, and ruthless disregard of constitutional rights of the people are marks of this ignoble crew" (Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph,* February 14, 1929); ". . . thoroughly un-American, smacking of the dark days of old Russia" (Pittsburgh *Press,* February 12, 1929); ". . . a disgrace to the State . . ." (Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette,* February 15, 1929). So the papers of Pittsburgh describe the coal and iron police hired by the coal companies and commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania to maintain law and order in industry.

But the coal companies and the political leaders of the State have not felt this way about the system. One coal policeman so mistreated the wife of a striking miner that she suffered a miscarriage. (United States Senate Investigating Committee Report.) Others threw two beaten strikers on the floor of a coal company police barracks and brought dogs in to lick their wounds. (Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette,* February 13, 1929.) Since the beginning of the coal strike innumerable examples have come to light of brutalities and illegal arrests of miners living in closed company towns and company houses, or of miners out on strike. The president of the United Mine Workers of America presented 250 affidavits of such cases to the Senatorial Investigating Committee. Yet neither the government of Pennsylvania nor the employers of the coal and iron police took notice.

The ruthlessness of the coal and iron police system is so apparent, however, that many others have protested. United States Senators expressed amazement that such an institution should be tolerated by an American commonwealth, and newspapers of the State have constantly called for change. The Methodist Conference on Coal and the Federal Council of Churches condemned the system. A group of outstanding Pittsburghers formed a Constitutional Rights Committee for the sole purpose of changing it.

Finally, on January 22, this protest was presented directly to Governor John S. Fisher in a five-page letter which set forth some abuses of the coal and iron and the State police systems and petitioned for an investigation. The letter was signed by the twenty-one members of the Executive Committee of the Pittsburgh Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, composed of leading Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen of the city, professional workers, business men, and professors of the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. It charged that,

> Either these conditions can be attributed to the inefficiency of the police organizations themselves or to the fact that the police have set themselves up as agents of coal interests whose purpose it is to destroy minority protests against conditions in the industry.

The coal and iron police, this committee holds, are employees of the coal companies, hired, paid, and directed by them for the purpose not only of protecting property but also of breaking strikes. Although these men are commissioned by the State with full police authority, the State exacts no responsibility and keeps no check on them. In fact, the Governor who commissions them does not even know how many they are. The result of this letter was not an investigation by the Governor but a brief note of acknowledgment from his secretary. At the beginning of 1929 prospects for reform of the system of private police seemed hopeless. There appeared no sentiment in the legislature; the Republican administration showed no indication of interest; and the coal corporations were satisfied with their police.

But on February 10 something happened, and the good people of Pennsylvania awoke in righteous indignation. Three coal and iron policemen murdered a miner. When John Barkoski's body reached the morgue, "his ribs were shattered and ground into his lungs." The coroner's physician listed "some of the injuries": "Twelve lacerations of the scalp, face and neck discolored and swollen, nose broken, both eyes black, lips swollen, discolored, and cut, breast-bone broken, both arms and both legs swollen and discolored."

According to testimony of State's witnesses, reports of the county detective bureau, the coroner's inquest, and personal investigation, what happened was as follows: About fifteen miles west of Pittsburgh in the obscure town of Santiago, Policemen Watt and Slapakas of the Pittsburgh Coal Company police barracks visited a boarder in the home of John Barkoski's mother-in-law. With a number of friends they began to drink. Barkoski at the time was sitting in another room getting ready for a night shift at the mine. An argument started and during the argument the mother-in-law called out to Barkoski (who was still in the next room and taking no part in the drinking party) to stop the police or they would kill her son. When Barkoski interfered, Watt turned on him and began to chase him around and beat him with the butt of a revolver until the first floor of the house was spattered with blood. Later Watt and Slapakas took Higgins, the boarder, and the unconscious Barkoski to the barracks of the Pittsburgh Coal Company in Imperial.

At the barracks the two men were turned over to Lieutenant Lyster with the charge that Barkoski had stabbed Watt. Whereupon Lyster, stripped to his undershirt, remarked "I feel like a good workout." To force a confession of stabbing he started to beat Barkoski with a poker. Each time the poker bent, he kicked it straight with his foot. Later, according to the testimony of Higgins who was under arrest and able to do no more than protest, when the poker became useless, Lyster and Watt took to "an orgy of stamping and jumping on the dying man until rib after rib snapped." During the six hours in which Barkoski was held in the barracks, Dr. J. M. Patterson was called in to treat a cut on Watt's shoulder. Then, as the doctor testified at the coroner's inquest, Lyster dragged in Barkoski, now insensible, to be treated, propped him on a chair, and proceeded to kick him, twist his ears, and beat him with a strap. Dr. Patterson said: "I told them to stop beating him, but they appeared to be wanting some information from him. They would ask him a question, then beat him for an answer. . . . That's when I left."

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During the episode, Constable Ross Schaffer, who happened to be present, went into the back room and fell asleep. As he explained, "It was none of my business and I was tired." Corporal Mechling, who was busy writing a report in the room during the extended beating, took no more part than, at one time, to push Barkoski off his overshoes, exclaiming: "You're even getting blood on my shoes." Private Slapakas just looked on.

Barkoski died the next morning in the Sewickley hospital. From there his body was taken to the morgue, "the most abused person ever brought in." Lyster, Watt, and Slapakas were arrested and are held on charge of first-degree murder. County detectives, on examining the cut on Watt's shoulder, the only defense raised by the coal policemen for their treatment of Barkoski, discovered that it extended for no more than an inch and barely pierced the skin, and could hardly have been inflicted by the blood-stained penknife which Watt proudly displayed. They declared the story of the stabbing "an apparent frame-up and untrue."

Pittsburgh papers caught up the story and gave it headline space for a week. Everybody talked about it and became indignant. Editorial after editorial appeared. At last the Governor began to show interest. This time he personally answered a telegram from the Civil Liberties group who held his office responsible. He promised immediate steps. Politicians got on the bandwagon. One of the most competent men on the Pittsburgh *Press* tried to force a statement from the executive vice-president of the Pittsburgh Coal Company as to what the company proposed to do for the widow and her four children. He received evasive replies. Father Cox, Reverend Day, and two University of Pittsburgh instructors visited the widow and offered the free legal services of the American Civil Liberties Union. Papers featured the story that a suit would be instituted against the Pittsburgh Coal Company and Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays brought in to prosecute. Sentiment grew against the coal companies for their responsibility in fostering the coal and iron police system. Chairman Warden of the Board of Directors cut short his vacation at Palm Beach and hurried home. Then the Pittsburgh Coal Company climbed on the bandwagon, announced its unqualified opposition to brutality, deserted its accused policemen, negotiated with Barkoski's widow, thus effectively forestalling possibility of a suit, experienced a conversion on the coal and iron police system, and agreed to support any reform Governor Fisher might suggest.

One thoroughly innocuous bill introduced by Senator Mansfield passed two readings of the upper house. A very drastic one has been introduced by Representative Musmanno of Sacco-Vanzetti fame. It is the only tangible step against the system thus far. In the light of the public clamor it appears certain that the State Legislature will pass some reform measure.

But the fact of most interest in this whole episode is that those who have been supporting the coal and iron police have all escaped scot-free and have now turned against the three unfortunate individuals who were only "part of a system." As a matter of fact, these private police are accustomed to act like this, less spectacularly and with less publicity, but quite as illegally and almost as crudely. President Morrow of the Pittsburgh Coal Company told the Senate committee that the coal and iron policemen are responsible to the Governor for their conduct. Yet Governor Fisher failed to investigate or make any attempt to change the system until the murder. Consequently, a Pittsburgh business man wrote him:

> . . . You are partly responsible for the murder of yesterday. Some of us are wondering how many peaceful citizens must be beaten up before you consider the matter grave enough to give it your attention.

Nor do the coal companies come through with a very clear record. Before the Barkoski murder aroused public sentiment, President Morrow testified before the Senate committee:

> This company has faithfully endeavored to employ capable, trustworthy, dependable men. . . . We have a body of men trained and experienced in work of this kind of whom we are justly proud.

And whom should he cite as one of the most capable, trustworthy, and dependable of his men but Lieutenant Lyster? "Lyster," he said, "served overseas and was a fine officer in the Pennsylvania State Police before we obtained his services in our company." He forgot to add that Lyster was convicted of murder for beating to death a striking miner in 1923 and was court-martialed and dishonorably discharged from the State Police in 1926. Last week, when the House of Representatives unanimously passed the Baldridge Resolution requiring that the coal and steel companies furnish the legislature with the name, address, and whereabouts of every coal and iron policeman, a lobby of powerful coal companies in western Pennsylvania combined to kill the resolution in the Senate.

The matter goes deeper than the pious utterances of coal corporations and the avowed good intensions of the State political leaders. It arises from what the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (editorially demanding a complete abolition of the coal and iron police) calls "the unholy alliance between the government of Pennsylvania and the management of private business interests." But people of Pennsylvania are callous to such unholy alliances. Even when newspapers expose frankly the arbitrary control of State policy by publishing the picture of the three men who decide finally on such important matters of State policy as a four-cent gasoline tax, the public remains docile and unmoved. The picture included Governor Fisher, Joseph Grundy, president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, and W. L. Mellon, better known as a representative of the Mellon family than as a servant of the people. So no one is surprised to read the announcement that administrative action on a coal and iron police measure will be suspended until W. L. Mellon returns from a short visit to Florida. But some are constrained to agree, in principle, with Senator Wheeler when he says:

> . . . The new Secretary of the Treasury completely dominates not only the Pittsburgh Coal Company, whose policemen committed this murder, but likewise dominates the Republican Party in Pennsylvania and to a large extent the economic life of the western part of the State. All he would have to do is to say to the legislature that these private policemen should be done away with and the legislature, in my humble judgment, would pass a law prohibiting them, and he could likewise say to his company that he did not approve of them and they would be done away with.

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On With the New in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., March 11

PRESIDENT HOOVER inaugurated his Administration by dodging a fight with the Senate. The issue was the confirmation of Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury, and the President sought to evade it simply by omitting to submit Mr. Mellon's name. In allowing the Secretary to hold over from the preceding Administration without reconfirmation, Mr. Hoover was probably within his legal rights, although the normal course would have been to submit that name along with the rest. That the new President has little enthusiasm for Mr. Mellon is no secret, and had it only been necessary to consult his own feelings, the old gentleman doubtless would have been permitted to resume his place at the head of the feudal barony of Pittsburgh. That being the case, perhaps he thought the Secretary not worth a fight, especially since he is slated to retire at the end of a year. But it is more likely that the President simply wished to avoid trouble. Whatever the motive, the act was characteristic. Mr. Coolidge would have sent the name up, if only to "make the Senate like it." He took a peculiar delight in submitting nominations that were singularly obnoxious; and the more obnoxious they were the more insistently Mr. Coolidge insisted upon confirmation, as witness the instances of Charles Beecher Warren and Henry Glassie. Such sour humor is foreign to the new President's nature. He is a man of peace. Yet he was not able to avoid the Senate's displeasure over Mellon. And in the special session of Congress he may have to hear some hard words about his venerable appointee before the appointment is confirmed.

* * * * *

AS for the remainder of the new Cabinet, it grades from adequate or average down to terrible. In vain one scans it for the names of the great experts, the distinguished specialists, with whom we were told the new President would surround himself. They are not there. We do find the names of three practical politicians of the breed supposed to be particularly hateful to Mr. Hoover. Probably the most competent man for his job is Attorney-General Mitchell. It is not claimed that he is anything more than an able lawyer, but Heaven knows that is something, after seven years of Harry Daugherty and John Garibaldi Sargent. Henry L. Stimson is a capable administrator; whether he will shine as Secretary of State is to be seen. Space forbids detailed analysis of the entire list, but it can be stated with assurance that the place at the foot of the class will be hotly contested by Secretary of War Jim Good and Secretary of Agriculture Arthur Hyde. Good's past affiliations with the power companies make him peculiarly unfit for a position which involves control of Muscle Shoals. Four years ago Hyde concluded an administration as Governor of Missouri during which his blatant demagoguery was aptly pictured when Senator Jim Reed referred to him as "a steam whistle on a fertilizer factory." In connection with his choice for the portfolio of Agriculture, he is represented as "a successful farmer." His farming has been done in the office of the president of a Kansas City insurance company. Several of Mr. Hoover's most ardent journalistic supporters concede the weakness of his Cabinet, but justify it on the ground that Mr. Hoover must have subordinates who will accept his policies and execute them as he wants them executed. If there is any difference between saying this and saying that he can only get along with a bunch of "yes men," I am too dull to perceive it. The wisest appointment Mr. Hoover has made was that of George Akerson to be his secretary.

* * * * *

THE Senate bade Mr. Coolidge a gusty farewell by declining to confirm, or even to consider, the nomination of a long list of men for federal judgeships, including among them Mr. Coolidge's retiring Secretary of the Navy, Curtis ("Bedtime Story") Wilbur. The gentle Wilbur's name probably will be sent back by President Hoover, and so will that of ex-Senator Lenroot. But it is reported that Hoover finds himself unable to stomach the prospect of renominating Henry Glassie—which is hardly surprising. Only such a gravelly digestion as Mr. Coolidge's could manage that morsel. Incidentally, in this connection, I am made hopeful by the persistent report that Hoover is determined to raise the standard of appointments to the federal bench. It needs raising, and Hoover's intimacy with Justice Stone of the Supreme Court is a wholesome sign. Scattered all over this country are black-robed men representing the justice of the United States who owe their lifetime jobs to the favor of Harry Daugherty. Look for one of them whenever you hear of some singularly outrageous abuse of the injunction power.

* * * * *

ONE of the last glorious acts of the Coolidge Administration was to enact into law the Jones bill, increasing the maximum penalty for violation of the Volstead Act. Should a convivially disposed citizen be apprehended in the act of transporting a pint of rye from his cellar to the locker-room of his club, it will now be possible to punish his crime with a sentence of five years in prison and $10,000 fine. If Harry Sinclair had been convicted of conspiring with a Cabinet officer to defraud the Government of property worth $200,000,000, he could have been given a maximum prison term of two years. It illustrates perfectly how "moral offenses" are weighed in this country. That the capital may become an example of purity to the rest of the nation, Representative Sproul of Kansas has designed a bill which would give police and enforcement agents the right to enter and search Washington homes, and the discovery of any receptacle containing liquor which did not bear a doctor's prescription would be considered prima facie evidence of guilt. To polish and perfect the plan, Lieutenant Mina Van Winkle of the Washington policewomen advocates that jury trials be denied in such cases. In other words, the right which is extended to murderers, kidnappers, rapists, and traitors should be withdrawn from persons accused of violating the Volstead Act! This is called "the triumph of the country's moral forces."

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THE Senate investigation of the Salt Creek oil frauds is dead for the present—killed by Democratic votes and influence—and if Colonel Robert Stewart had succeeded in wresting victory from the Rockefellers, he would be sitting pretty with nothing to worry about. His successor, Mr. Seubert, will not worry about where the next $100,000,000 dividend is coming from—he knows it is coming from the government oil lands of Salt Creek, by virtue of leases which two competent government officials have pronounced saturated with fraud. The Horatius who guarded the bridge against the threatened investigation was John B. Kendrick, Democratic Senator from Wyoming. At his right hand was the valiant Senator Key Pittman, Democrat, of Nevada, and at his left (although considerably in the rear, I am glad to say) was Thomas J. Walsh, Democratic Senator from Montana. Kendrick and Pittman did the fighting; Walsh merely stood on their side and looked on, but his influence is so great—and deservedly so—that it had as much effect in determining the outcome as their active efforts. Walsh recommended that the inquiry into the validity of the leases be continued—but by the Department of Justice! He argued that the inquiry could only eventuate in court action to recover the lands, and that this must be carried on by the Department. Precisely the same argument could have been made, in fact was made, against his own continued investigation of the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills leases. Sad to say, his attitude seems to have been influenced by the refusal of Republican Senators to join in his censure of the Department of Justice for its mismanagement of the royalty oil phase of the matter, and by a sense of personal injury and indignation over the thoroughly disgusting attacks made on him by the picayune Senator Robinson of Indiana. Alas, that such a great man should be moved by such petty considerations!

IT won't be long now until we learn just how good a mathematician Secretary Mellon is. Unless he miscalculated to the extent of about $150,000,000 when he told President Coolidge in December what the government revenue for the year would be, July 1 will find the treasury with a deficit on its hands. Since Mr. Coolidge informed Congress of a probable surplus of $37,000,000, nearly $200,000,000 has been appropriated under additional bills, a considerable portion of it at Mr. Mellon's own request. Before taxpayers are unduly alarmed, it should be remembered that Mr. Mellon on a previous occasion underestimated the revenue to the tune of more than half a billion dollars. And when his error—probably the largest in the fiscal history of the human race—was demonstrated, he was hailed by American business men as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton! Perhaps the whimsical old gentleman hopes to add luster to his reputation by producing the proof of an even greater mistake this year! In such an ambition he would have the good wishes of all taxpayers. Meantime he has succeeded again in preventing them from seeing just how some $400,000,000 of their money is handed out each year. The Couzens-McKellar plan for public hearings on tax refunds and credits of more than $10,000 was strangled in conference at Mellon's determined insistence. During the final debate on it McKellar told the Senate he knew the Secretary, under cover of this same secrecy, had made large refunds to at least two of his own corporations, and Couzens accused him of issuing statements deliberately framed "to mislead the public" as to the meaning of the proposal. And, indeed, a careless perusal of the Secretary's argument might have resulted in the supposition that Couzens and McKellar were advocating publicity of income-tax returns! So all is jolly on the Potomac.

What Is Happening to Marriage?*

By CHARLES W. WOOD

"IN the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

To me, that is a much more satisfactory statement of the origin of human life than anything I have been able to find in modern literature. I will grant that "God" is a very unsatisfactory term. Nevertheless, until man believed in God he wasn't man; and the phenomenon which compelled him to believe in God was the Word.

Language, if you will. Before there was a language there was no human life. There were anthropoids. But they were governed by instinct. They knew how to live, for they had inherited this knowledge. They ate what they hankered for. They mated in response to other hankerings. They had the formula in their chromosomes. And they went on, from generation to generation, eating and mating and living in general exactly as their ancestors did. No one remarked how the times had changed, for nobody had anything to remark with. The Beginning hadn't happened yet. Language had not yet evolved. The Word was the beginning of things—from the human angle, at least. And when anthropoids began to have words with each other, a life began which was not mere animal life. There was a life beyond instinct. There was a knowledge which did not evolve out of one's chromosomes. Man, the animal, did not need this knowledge; for man, the animal, already knew how to live. He lived for himself and he had no conscience about it. Mothers, to be sure, risked their lives for their children, but they could not help it. They did not have to be high-minded to achieve such self-sacrifice. They, too, merely obeyed the formulas of their chromosomes.

But man, the human being, did not know how to live. He had to react in some way to the Word, but the Word was not in his chromosomes. This mystery of language constantly beckoned him to some life outside of his physical body, and through it he was becoming conscious of the Non-Self—of God. Man could not achieve this Non-Self in a single generation. But it was necessary to achieve it if he was going to become human. One of the most important steps was this belief in God. Another, of scarcely less importance, was the institution of the family and "holy matrimony" as distinguished from mere instinctive mating.

* The second of a series of articles on marriage and divorce. Companionate Divorce, by Arthur Garfield Hays, will appear in an early issue.

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No one could be human by himself. No one could think all alone. One had to partake of language in order to do any thinking, and language was a phenomenon of which *one* could not partake. It took a multitude of persons many generations to evolve a language in the first place, and it took more than one person even to use it. If a man were guided wholly by instinct—that is, if he did not develop this communication with other men—he simply was not human.

Through the family such knowledge as there was could be transmitted from generation to generation; and through the family, this knowledge could be applied cooperatively so that babies could be born and brought to physical maturity. The argument, therefore, was all in favor of the family, although many animal instincts were against it. By instinct man wanted to chase any female who attracted him; and after he had chased her and captured her and expressed himself instinctively, he did not want to be bound by any ties. If she had babies, she could raise them herself, as far as he was instinctively concerned, or she could drown them in the creek. He was not concerned with supporting her, or them, for the rest of his life. That was something which he had to be taught, and nothing short of a God could teach it to him. He had to fear God, not because God was good but because God was holy. He was mixed up in some mysterious way with this urge on man's part to be something beyond himself, even when his own nature seemed to rebel against it.

Those who think of the family as being *solely* an economic institution seem to me to leave something out of their calculation. I think they are forgetting, for instance, that man, to be man, must have a language and literature, art, religion, drama, and a lot of other things, for some purpose beyond the mere continuance of his species. It is positively necessary, from man's standpoint, that the species shall survive, and any institution which is not economically sound cannot endure. But health and strength and race survival do not necessitate the expensive scale of living which is now considered necessary for human life. There is a human drive which is above and beyond economics, although it may find expression in a frantic pursuit of money: the desire, for instance, to keep up with the Joneses, the desire to keep abreast of the times and to participate in the life which others live, whether it is in line with one's personal health and comfort to do so or not. We may call it the desire to escape condemnation, or "damnation." Damnation was something that happened to a man who lived for his own health and comfort, without proper reverence and regard for the Non-Self.

There is no record in history, at any rate, that the family was perpetuated by a straightforward economic appeal. Marriage, it was proclaimed everywhere, was holy, and mere sex desire was not. Human life at this period was groping blindly toward obedience; not mere obedience to its animal instincts or to the law governing the survival of the species, but to the higher law by which men would become Man. Nobody knew what this law was, but everybody was guessing; and whatever guess one decided to act upon had to be considered holy. There was no "sense" in living for something outside of life. There was no sense in dying for one's king or one's country or one's religion or one's ideals. Nevertheless, the law which nobody understood compelled human beings to act in this utterly senseless and unreasonable way.

The family, at any rate, took form and thrived; and under its discipline, man learned not to live unto himself. He lived unto the family and unto every member of it. Even unto the weak, the crippled, the handicapped. In doing this, he set himself against the law of the jungle—the law of the survival of the fittest individual—in the interest of the survival of the fittest human society.

For the family was a human society; and as long as it continued to be a human society, it endured. Other social mechanisms had to be set up to regulate inter-family relations. There were kingdoms and states and churches and guilds. Nevertheless, it was in the family that human life now lived and moved and had its being. It was in the home that children learned how to talk and how to live humanly, and it was in the home that they learned the mysteries of human work. They could learn it nowhere else, for it was in the home that the work of the world was done. In the home, also, they learned to love their parents and to love their God. This was a fearful sort of love, all shot through with awe and reverence, but it was a dominating force in the human world.

They did not learn much in the home about sex love. In fact, they learned to be afraid of it. Sex was a carnal impulse which had to be curbed, or at least subordinated to the demands of the family. Of course, they fell into very many difficulties. In some societies, sex broke through and people frankly gave themselves up to it—but the societies did not endure. They were overrun and uprooted by moral societies—by folk who held sternly to the idea that sex was sinful. Sex religions were supplanted everywhere by anti-sex religions.

In most of these societies, however, it was necessary to provide some safety valve. Men could blow off steam, it was found, in palaces devoted to pleasure, and spend the rest of their time sedately governing the morals of the community. But they could not have their wives and daughters behaving in the same way. They had to set aside a special class of women for such purposes, relieving them simultaneously of the moral responsibilities and the social status of respectable family life.

In some societies—notably in America up to a generation ago—attempts were made to compel everybody to suppress all sex temptations. Everybody, of course, did not succeed. When men failed, they were urged to reform. When women failed, they were set down as ruined. Vice was not tolerated, as it was in less moral societies, but neither was it eliminated. It was swept into dark corners where respectable people could pretend that they did not see it; and as fast as girls were ruined, they were dumped into this festering underworld until they rotted and died. It was considered immoral for a city even to supervise their physical health, to keep them from spreading loathsome sexual diseases to the community at large. For any such supervision would imply toleration; and no matter how vicious America might be, it was determined never to stoop so low as to sanction vice.

The proper outlet for sex, as these Americans saw it, was marriage. And that was a new notion. Marriage, as it had been practiced for many thousands of years, had not been looked upon as an outlet for sex. It had been,

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in fact, a negation of sex desire. When children became adolescent and full of sex drives, they were not allowed to mate according to their own impulses. Their business in life was to strengthen the family; and it was morally necessary, therefore, for them to marry the mate whom the family selected for them.

A bride was not supposed to love her husband. She was supposed to learn to love him. Her will was hers only to make it his. He was ruler, but not in his own right. His authority came from the family, and his rule over her was limited strictly to telling her what the family demanded. Just because he was ruler, for instance, he could not set her free. He could not permit her to have a love affair on the side. Family pride would not permit that.

In most societies, up to the Christian era, the married man could have romances but the married woman could not. Christianity came out strongly against all sex romance. St. Paul preached celibacy as the Christian ideal, only conceding that it was "better to marry than to burn." There was nothing romantic, surely, in such a concept. Sex was something to be conquered. If Jesus were to function as the Christian God, it was absolutely necessary that he be conceived without sin.

It was less than two centuries ago that the idea of romantic marriage gripped the Western world. That a girl had a right to select her mate "according to the promptings of her own heart" may have been held as a theory ages before this, but it was never put into widespread practice before the industrial revolution. For the family, up to this time, had been not only the great economic institution of man, but it had been the institution in which human beings learned how to live humanly. With the rise of capitalism and wage-labor, however, there was no particular reason why the individual should longer subordinate himself to the family. The family, therefore, simply faded out of human affairs, decade after decade and generation after generation. Only a few traces of it remain today, and in America there is scarcely a trace.

Once again, we have couples mating according to instinct, and raising children in their love-nests. The nest, to be sure, is called "home" and the brood is called a "family," while the public acknowledgment that the couple are about to embark on such an enterprise is called "marriage." But the old meanings have disappeared from the terms. People do not express the Non-Self any longer through marriage. Their very motive in marrying is more likely to be self-expression. The boy of today is likely to marry for no other reason than that he is sexually fascinated by the girl, and the girl is likely to accept him because she wants "a home of her own" in which she can escape from the dictation of her "family."

With the passing of the family and the rise of capitalism, theories of individualism became rampant. There was not, however, any real individualism. It was quite as necessary as ever that the individual should be subordinated to human society. He might be emancipated from the family, from feudalism, from popery, and from any other outworn container of human life; but man could not be emancipated from the law of his being, and human life is not individual but social.

In the machine, however, man discovered the technique of all-around cooperation. The machine was the child of science, and science could not be individual. The machine could not be private. Man did not discover this all at once, nor has he yet discovered it completely; nevertheless, the history of the machine has been the history of socialization. It has brought the whole world together so that every part is dependent on every other part. It is the most human and the most holy institution which has appeared in human history to date. The machine has outmoded human slavery. It has emancipated woman and brought her to a position coequal with man. It has abolished hell as a dominant concept in human affairs. It has already pointed the way to the complete abolition of poverty.

Many intellectuals shrink from the thought that men are now in danger of being dominated by the machine, instead of dominating it. One might as well grieve that he is being carried by his automobile instead of having to carry it. For the machine is nothing but human knowledge in action. It is man functioning as man, in the place of animals trying to function as men.

And what is happening to marriage? Just this. When man moved out of the family and began to live in the machine, matrimony began to lose its holiness. As the institution of the family went down and down, matrimony became less and less important. Today it trails along with churchgoing and Sabbath observance as a force in human life. The first step in its downfall was the attempt to exalt the sex longings to first place in human affairs: that is, to make matrimony an affair of the heart instead of an institution for the subordination of individual instincts to the common good. Every girl from now on, it was supposed, could select her lord and master according to the promptings of her palpitating bosom, instead of according to the dictation of the family.

Of course it did not work. The story that "they married and lived happily ever after" soon became a joke. Maidens wanted to believe it, but the facts were all against them. The family, whatever might be said against it, was a substantial institution, and the new-style lord and master was not. He might be ever so well meaning, but as a human society he was quite ridiculous. If there were babies to come, woman had to take more and more charge of things. And so, eventually, she became what she is. On the way, although she was forever talking about marriage, she built up the grand institution of divorce.

Then came the automobile and the war, and psychoanalysis and the knowledge of birth control. The automobile made it impossible to chaperon the youngsters any longer. The war destroyed their respect for the alleged wisdom of adults. Psychoanalysis encouraged them to be curious as to matters which had aroused fear and trembling theretofore. The knowledge of birth control completed the revolution. It made virginity a problem to solve instead of a precious mystery to guard. To be sure, the solution has not yet been found, but the younger generation is on its way.

I do not know what the solution will be. I only know that it will not be solved until the machine has evolved to its logical destiny. For it is in the machine that man now lives and moves and has his being. It is to the machine, not to the husband, that woman must now look for the economic security of her offspring. The machine will not make anybody "independent," for independence is now seen to be a

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myth. But it will presently make us all interdependent, instead of dependent upon a husband or a father or a brave hunter or an individual money-getter.

The machine is destined presently to destroy all class divisions and all the barriers which separate man from man. But there is no reason to believe that it will destroy sex. What it is doing, rather, is to present sex to human life much in the same way that it has already presented electricity. Time was when man looked at lightning as a devastating power in the hands of an awful God. All that lightning could do, he supposed, was to "ruin" him, but those times are over and he is finding some real uses for electricity today.

I have not the faintest idea what discoveries about sex will be made. If man discovers that sex indulgence tends to cramp his human style, it is to be presumed that he will hedge it around with such restrictions as may be necessary. But he will reason from the facts as he discovers them, not from the traditions of some passe holiness.

It may be discovered that sex attraction is not the attraction between a man and a woman, but the attraction between man and woman, and that he will approach sex as he now approaches electricity, looking for adequate illumination instead of for some particular flame. Extreme self-discipline may be the outcome, although there is nothing to indicate at present that sexual chastity is necessary for the evolution of the machine. It was necessary for the evolution of the family, but possibly the machine will not care.

It is possible that woman will have a good deal to say about the outcome. I don't know anything about women, and I don't know what they want. I think they want children, however, and I think they want love. Also, I think they want assurance that their children will not come to want and that they shall be surrounded by friends and allies instead of by enemies and competitors. The machine is sure to give them this assurance, but it cannot as yet give them the children or the physical love. It would not surprise me, then, if this turned out to be an age of specialization, in which women when they want children will look for the best fathers for them which they biologically can find, that those who want companions will look for companionable souls, and that those who want love will seek for first-class lovers instead of trying to make a romantic lord and master out of some hen-pecked breadwinner who must be home regularly on the 5:15.

In the Driftway

AT least once in his life nearly every man thinks he has hit upon a Great Invention. The desire to be an inventor may almost be set down as a stage in every man's existence, just as there is a time when every boy wants to be a policeman and every girl a movie actress. Usually the desire to be an inventor does not last long nor carry one far, but sometimes it leads a man to take out a patent and try to get someone to back it commercially. The attempt generally fails, and with it the fever to be an inventor vanishes. Occasionally the fever persists, in which case the malady is hopeless. One has become a chronic inventor, destined to spend the best hours of life working for the recognition of a single Great Invention, or possibly a series of them. Since only an insignificant number of such inventions ever come to anything practically, the chronic inventor is generally doomed to a life of unusual unhappiness and disillusion. There are few more tragic figures.

* * * * *

MAYBE, though, there is one. It is that of the occasional man whose invention becomes a great commercial success but who is robbed of it or sells it for a song in its pioneer days. And of all such cases few have been more sardonic than that of David D. Buick, who died the other day, virtually penniless, in Detroit at the age of seventy-four. As the New York *World* tells the story, Mr. Buick was seized with the idea of the Great Invention back in the days when we still called it a "horseless carriage." He was a member then of a plumbing-supply manufacturing company in Detroit, and doing well. He put in his spare time tinkering with a "horseless carriage," and finally became so immersed with the idea that he sold his share in the plumbing-supply company and various other interests for a total of $100,000. With this he went to work to produce a practical automobile—and he succeeded. But in doing it he spent all his capital and had a hard fight to finance a company which finally began to manufacture and sell his car. Success seemed to be won at last, but there was dissension in the company, and in 1909 Mr. Buick withdrew from active management and went to California, though still retaining a large block of stock. He became interested in oil, put all his automobile stock into it—and lost. No longer young, he nevertheless pulled together his courage, gathered a bit more capital, and went to Florida to speculate in land. He lost again and returned to Detroit a broken man. He got a job as an instructor in a trade school, but as he grew more feeble was demoted to "information man," sitting behind a desk and answering questions all day. While 2,000,000 cars bearing his name roared over the world's highways he had to walk or take the street cars.

* * * * *

MR. BUICK was game to the last. "I'm not feeling sorry for myself," he said a short time ago. "I'm not accusing any one of cheating me." But one wonders what he thought.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

"Luckies" on Calvary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thank you for giving Sinclair Lewis a place to gnash his teeth at the seduction of Captain Fried by the advertising men of Lucky Strikes. When the Story of the Crucifixion is rewritten in the interest of tobacco, who is to smoke the "Luckies"—the soldiers or the thieves?

New York, March 4 EDWARD S. MARTIN

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Mussolini and the Pope

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article by Adam Day anent the agreement between Mussolini and the Pope was read with considerable interest. There seems to me, however, overlooking of one fact, which is: When Mussolini falls so does the Pope. Mussolini and canonical law—an anachronism even in the Italy of the Fascisti—will be linked in the public mind so closely that distinction will be effaced. Has the Vatican lost its cunning that it plays the game so poorly?

St. Louis, Mo., February 29 C. Vacarrili

"Books on the Belt"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to correct several errors which occur in Leon Whipple's article, Books on the Belt, in your issue of February 13. He quotes an unnamed "expert" to the effect that there are twenty-four book clubs in this country. At the most there are perhaps ten operating book clubs, and of these only perhaps six have over 1,000 members. He estimates that there are 2,400,000 books a year sent to book-club members. By the most liberal estimate this figure should be about 1,500,000 for 1928. He carelessly says that we—the Book-of-the-Month Club—have "over 85,000" members, whereas we have about 97,000; and that our members get twelve books a year, whereas they are obligated to take but four a year. (How many they actually do take on the average we ourselves do not know.) His account of the origin of the book-club movement in this country is also quite inexact. He does state that the Book-of-the-Month Club was the pioneer book club in this country (it anticipated all others by about a year), but the three "godfathers," who he suggests are responsible for the book clubs here—Mr. Samuel Craig, the German book clubs, and Mr. Haldeman-Julius—had nothing whatsoever to do, directly or indirectly, either with its conception or inception.

More serious, however, than these factual errors are his hints of hostility between the business and editorial management of the clubs, and his suggestion that commercialism already influences the choice of books and will do so to an increasing extent. This, I assert, is almost completely imaginary. He states that the judges comprising the editorial boards of the clubs "have demanded contracts enforcing their choice upon the management of the clubs." "Sometimes [they] made a club issue a book it did not want." "They have stood for literature against commerce." I should like to see proof of these assertions, and of the implications of commercialism contained in them. When, and in what cases, was it necessary for some of these editors to "demand" contracts "enforcing" their choices upon the clubs? Which editors had to "make" a club issue a book it did not want, and what was the book?

New York, February 24 Harry Scherman

Editor's Note

The extract, entitled Mexican Masses, from the novel "Los de Abajo" by Mariano Azuela, which appeared in *The Nation's* Latin-American number of January 16, was translated by Anita Brenner and is not a part of the copyrighted translation by Enrique Munguia to be published shortly by Brentano's.

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Books, Music, Art

If This Be Fever

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

If this bright visitation of desire
Be only fever summoning an old
Specter of pain that dies again by fire
In worlds too late delivered up to cold;
If this be sickness, this consuming core
Of golden flame, these arrowy tongues that dart
Through knotted coils of flesh, unarmed once more,
Reaching the last sweet fuel of the heart—

Then how are you to rear a wall of ice
Around me, who have resolutely faced
Cities in ash and continents laid waste?
There is no chill can touch me, having twice
Suffered the torch at hands more swift than yours!
The fever passes, but the flame endures.

This Week

Struggle of Earth

AGNES SMEDLEY'S novel "Daughter of Earth"* is an important and terrible book. As far as I know it is the first feminist-proletarian novel to be written in America. Do not shrink from those terms; the story of Marie Rogers forces you to face them. It bristles with labels and flat doctrinaire beliefs; it demands that you look at the society in which the dogmas of rebellion breed; and if you can ever forget the America that "Daughter of Earth" reveals—harsh, unjust, sordid, dishonest, sometimes tantalizingly beautiful and exciting—then you are nearly immune to the effect of words.

The author writes about life more intensely than most of us manage to live it. The story seems to have been propelled into being by an urgency too desperate to be denied. It is told as if sheer emotion had made the words and poured them on the paper; there is no evidence anywhere of deliberate, conscious artifice, no apparent pattern, no "style." "Here, my friends, is a chunk of life which has perhaps its own beauty and meaning. Certainly I should scorn to decorate, much less to disguise it. If you like life, you might try this one. If you fear life, run, friends, for your peace and security." So the author might have said.

Instead she gives us no warning but lets the chief character tell her own story. Marie is the child of a frail and weary and ambitious mother and a father who is strong, handsome, fiery, imaginative, dissipated, and a liar. But poverty made of her graceful mother a toothless drudge, ill and desperate; and of her father a dulled and brutal drunkard. And then poverty killed her mother. So Marie, who at first had loved her father best and later had defended her mother against him, determined to have a life of her own. All she knew of love was that under its influence women became either the child-bearing slaves of husbands—or prostitutes. Her aunt Helen gave the wages of her labors by day to help Marie's mother feed and dress her children; at night she gave her body for money to keep herself. This was horrible to Marie; but how much less horrible than the fate of her mother! For Helen paid her own board, could come and go as she chose, and could show a man the door if she did not like him. A hard determination grew in Marie neither to love nor to marry; she would make her living without depending on any man.

Her proletarian sentiment was as real and as harsh as her feminism and it began in the early days when she lived in a tent on the "other side" of the railroad tracks and faced the social distinctions that bred even in the classroom of a public school in a small Missouri town. But her class-consciousness matured when the State troopers brought terror into the mine camp in the foothills of the Rockies where her father hauled sand; there and in Trinidad she learned the meaning of the text "from him that hath not shall be taken away." There was never a moment when she and her brothers and sisters were not helpless victims of an impersonal system beyond their control; though their father did not know how impersonal it was when he clutched the throat of the little mine-owner who had cheated him out of a summer's pay. And it was many years before Marie focused her bitterness on the economic scheme of things which had made her life so fierce and angry a business.

She knew only that she must learn in order to earn. So she worked and studied, sometimes near to starvation. She left her brothers and sisters in her father's untrustworthy hands, because only by killing her personal emotion could she reach that imagined pinnacle of learning and security from which she would one day lean down and lift them all out of poverty. She did drag her sister after her and got few thanks for her trouble; but her brother George was killed in a ditch and Dan went to France in the army, while Marie was still finding out what it was all about.

The story of her childhood is alive with feeling, its detail is rich and telling. The later pages are more diffuse and less moving. Yet they provide a fragment of social history that I have not seen written anywhere else: radical New York before and during the war; committees, parades, deputations, more committees; government agents, War Department spies, the third degree; insane suspicions, plots and exposures, and, under them all, cold fear in the minds of the war-makers who saw in every radical an agent of destruction. Marie's initiation into the movement for Indian freedom and her persecution by the authorities is told in appalling detail, the more appalling because there are many to vouch for its accuracy. Her personal tragedy emerges from these events with an air of absolute inevitability.

There are some who may object to this book for its tone of bitter, partisan violence. Let no one judge it without reading it through. Agnes Smedley knows that mountains can be beautiful and that love can be sweet. But when mountains are made the battleground of desperate men, their beauty becomes unimportant or at most a tragic note of contrast. And when love is killed by fear or shame or brutal indifference, it turns to bitterness. Bitterness is a valid part of this story.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* Coward-McCann. $2.50.

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Nerves Like Tombs

Further Poems of Emily Dickinson. Withheld from publication by her sister Lavinia. Edited by her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

After great pain a formal feeling comes—
The nerves sit ceremonious like tombs;
The stiff Heart questions—was it He that bore?
And yesterday—or centuries before?

The feet mechanical go round
A wooden way
Of ground or air or Ought,
Regardless grown,
A quartz contentment like a stone.

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived
As freezing persons recollect
The snow—
First chill, then stupor, then
The letting go.

THIS fine poem, though it is not the finest of these new poems by Emily Dickinson, might be taken as a text for several sermons on the quality of her art. She is so much the best of women poets, and comes so near the crown of all poetry whatsoever, that her art—being in the very nature of the case somewhat mysterious—has been little talked about, and that little feebly. I shall be feeble too in talking about it, but at least I shall recognize that she is an artist, and not discuss her as a New England woman, a cloistered soul, an intense and trembling stoic, or a lover of birds and bees.

My point in general is that she wrote with brains, as all good poets do, and that she is to be appreciated in the brain or not at all. Her life was necessary for her poetry, and of course her feelings were; but a still greater importance attaches to that other life which she lived in her quick thoughts. These thoughts, the poems say, were deeper than tears, wilder than weeping, and colder—much colder—than chastity. They were about nothing abstract; they were about her deeds, her visions; yet their existence was so clear and real that they surpass in significance anything she ever did or saw. She was once in love, for instance, and the present volume is supposed to be remarkable because a section of it is devoted to the circumstance, but it is more remarkable in its own right as poetry—her love is vastly less interesting than what she said about it. Expression was her master first and last; if she renounced anything it was in favor of words and for the sake of a unique career in which she should be able to find for almost every perception a phrase at once as precise as ice and as profound as thunder.

Suspense is hostiler than Death
Death, tho' soever broad,
Is just Death, and cannot increase—
Suspense does not conclude,
But perishes to live anew,
But just anew to die,
Annihilation plated fresh
With Immortality.

One should not be deterred by the awkwardness of the first three lines here from going on to the wit of the last two. Wit is the word, I think, which sums Emily Dickinson up—and we must go back through several centuries of usage to find its full content. In the seventeenth century it meant the point at which imagination and idea, passion and understanding, experience and form meet in good poetry—it meant, in short, good poetry. Emily Dickinson has wit in one of the richest combinations that

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I know, and therefore I call her one of the best poets. One proof of its presence is the first line I quoted in this review—she was capable of "formal feeling." But proofs are everywhere, in pleasantries like this:

It was not Saint,
It was too large—
Nor Snow—it was
Too small.
It only held itself
Aloof
Like something spiritual;

or in love poems like this:

I got so I could hear his name
Without—
Tremendous gain!—
That stop-sensation in my soul,
And thunder in the room.

I got so I could walk across
That angle in the floor
Where he turned—so—and I
Turned—how—
And all our sinew tore.

I got so I could stir the box
In which
His letters grew,
Without that forcing of the breath
As staples driven through. . . .

Wit is everywhere in her best work (a proper share of which is in the present volume), glowing there as promise that what she felt as pain you shall not feel as pain, that what she was able to say you shall be forced to admire. She has been called a personal poet. She is anything else than that. What we know of her belongs to the universe of poetry; what she was is perfectly hidden away.

MARK VAN DOREN

Missionaries in Africa

Black Treasure. By Basil Mathews. The Friendship Press. 75 cents.

Sons of Africa. By Georgina A. Gollock. The Friendship Press. $1.50.

The Call Drum. By Mary Entwistle and Elizabeth Harris. The Friendship Press. 75 cents.

THESE three little volumes, all by persons who have had much experience in missionary work, are interesting, mainly, as showing the trend of attitude in present-day missionary circles. For books as sympathetic toward the native African as these to have been published by organizations in the mission fields twenty-five years ago would have been unthinkable, and they reflect a hopeful change on the part of societies engaged in this kind of work. The books by Mr. Mathews and Miss Gollock are mainly biographical. The other is a highly idealized picture of conditions in a West African settlement when a missionary arrives. The first two books make one realize what stunning biographic material exists in the history of Africa. Such names as those of Tchaka and Moshesh, Askia and Kwamina make stirring tales, while the devotion of Livingstone makes us proud of some white men who have gone to Africa.

It is unfortunate that in these books one does not find stressed somewhat more emphatically the miserable end to which the ideals of the earlier explorers were put. And one would hope for a less technically Christian and more charitable evaluation of the merits of some of the native African leaders who are discussed in these books.

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"Older and Bolder"

Last Changes Last Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

HENRY NEVINSON, the most accomplished and experienced of English special correspondents, must be no less tired of being called a journalist knight-errant than of being pitied as the champion of lost causes. The lost cause, he affirms, has never had any attraction for him: he has had no time to waste upon it. All the major movements in which he has enlisted, during his astonishing fifty years of work and adventure, have issued in victory or will do so in due course. Hence it were foolish to imagine Nevinson in elderhood, as some persist in doing, looking back upon a stricken field strewn with the bones of those who went out to battle and invariably fell. He will advise you to be, like himself, a plain realist; although, we may be sure, he is no stranger to the suspicion, or the knowledge, that the triumph of a cause is likely to mean something very different from the fulfilment that lay in the heart of the warrior.

How is it, Mr. Nevinson asks, that he, a man of peace, should have been compelled for more than half a lifetime to make the better portion of his living out of war? The second volume of his autobiographic trilogy, "More Changes More Chances," was crowded with battle. It ended with his leaving Berlin, in the British ambassador's train, as the armies were beginning to march in August, 1914. Western Europe at that moment was swarming with amateur war correspondents, not a few of them engaged in the inventive game, so soon to become a world-wide industry, of fabricating war truth (see Arthur Ponsonby, *passim*). Nevinson knew his own place to be with the British army, the reshaping of which he had observed through a dozen years following the Boer War—in the settled conviction, I believe, that it was destined, as Bernard Shaw said, for the last spring of the Old Lion on the European battleground. Nevinson witnessed, at Boulogne, the landing of the first expeditionary force, foredoomed heroes of Mons, the finest body of fighting men, he will tell you, that has taken the field in modern warfare. There followed, for himself and others belonging to the old corps of war correspondents, a long and vexatious contest with Kitchener, whose notion was that war was a business to be conducted in secret by the General Staff, the press being merely a nuisance. Nevinson, however, got past the war-lord, whom he describes in a conclusive sentence or two. He came to know the Western front, and he saw all the crucial fighting in the Gallipoli campaign, of which later he was to be the official historian. In the matter of time and place Nevinson usually has the luck, and it did not desert him in the supreme hour of our epoch. On the morning of November 11, 1918, when the guns were silenced, he stood at Mons, where for England the war had begun, by the side of the one friend and colleague whom he would have chosen to share that experience—C. E. Montague, of the *Manchester Guardian.*

Our romantic realist was then past sixty, and it would have been a pardonable guess on the part of any reader of his life record that the best, or at least the most exciting, passages were done with. Not so: "Older and bolder" is the Nevinsonian motto. There are two visits to America—in the summer of Harding's nomination and in the winter of the Washington naval conference. There is a journey through the Middle East, from the new Turkey and Palestine to Bagdad, a journey marked conspicuously by a certain October morning in Jerusalem when Nevinson awoke to the knowledge that he was no longer young: "it was ridiculous and therefore true." And above all, in this later period, there is the prolonged last crisis

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of the old Ireland—Sinn Fein and the civil war, Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, the treaty of 1921, and, as the central figure of a terrible episode, Roger Casement. From the Easter outbreak of 1916 to the launching of the Free State, Nevinson was going to and fro between London and Dublin, and he was in or near most of the terror; but through it all, I think, the Casement affair is the event upon which his mind dwells as the most sinister and significant tragedy of modern Ireland.

For American readers there is more of living interest in this third volume than in either of its predecessors, rich and various as those are. The last changes and chances here described come within the recent memory of us all, and the book includes a gallery of brilliant word portraits. Mr. Nevinson is a writer of very fine quality. He is incapable of a dull page; there is not a paragraph in the whole narrative that is below his own high level; he combines, in the telling of every incident and the sketching of every character, an objective attitude of mind with an intimate touch that is altogether distinctive. Such attributes, to my mind, make the perfect autobiographer. And he is one of the wittiest, one of the most skilful and delicate, masters of our English tongue, while asking us again and again, as he makes his strokes, to take his word for it that the practice of style has never been his care. S. K. RATCLIFFE

Families

Brother and Brother. By Dorothy Van Doren. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

The Feathered Nest. By Margaret Leech. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

HERE are two well-written novels about families. One presents dramatically the events of a few months, the other is a childhood to middle-age chronicle. One mother belongs to the Order of the Silver Cord, the other to Mother's Day. One daughter-in-law goes quite insane after a stirring neurotic prelude, tries gas as an escape from her mother-in-law, and is safely stowed away in a sanatorium at the end; the other clings limpet-like to her husband and sinks into a mild idiocy that is much more discouraging to everyone, including the reader, than active dementia.

"The Feathered Nest" is very well-feathered indeed; it is a mansion up the Hudson. No material struggle is forced on the three sons. It is a psychological trial of strength with their dominating mother that they must face, or go under. The two younger win. The eldest, ineffectual in his rebellions, loses, and clings to her in the end, his tortured face buried in her lap. It is his wife who is in the sanatorium and his baby that his mother can adore in the years ahead. The few critical months of adjustment furnish the drama. Isabelle, the mother, is admirably portrayed. She compels our admiration by her unconscious but consummate skill in bringing on murderous little scenes which always assuage some trouble in her and leave her released and calm, surveying the wreckage. Deadly as she is in her jealous love, she wins our sympathy in her suffering, as old age approaches and her younger sons free themselves from a love they had long felt as the enemy of their privacy, independence, and self-respect.

The tie between the two brothers in Dorothy Van Doren's novel is one not often treated in fiction. It offers no dramatic developments because it is a sane, intelligent, helpful relationship, only faintly menaced near the end by their common love for the girl whom the younger brother wins. Ellery, the elder by ten years, thrust out of the home by the tactless obstinacy of his father, has drifted into a business that his natural industry makes a financial success. An unfortunate marriage anchors him in a way of life very different from

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that he had once dreamed of when he drew pictures in his attic at home. The younger brother, bright and gifted, is to have all he lacked of opportunity; and young John sensibly accepts what Ellery offers. There is no domination and no resistance; just affection and understanding, and consequently not much excitement for the reader. The rhythm of the book is slow, regular, a little monotonous, yet somehow rather moving in the final impression. The mother of these brothers, whose nest has few feathers but who somehow keeps it warm for her children, is wise and efficient. Ellery's wife Laly, who had no life of her own but was a dreadful sort of parasitic vine, is an appallingly life-like creation. You wish someone would chloroform her. There are annoying legal obstacles to chloroforming the Lalys of actual life, but why should a kindly novelist withhold the saturated cloth? After a few pitiful attempts to establish her existence, Laly is left dully sitting at her window, looking out. Probably she will never die, because she isn't alive. DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books in Brief

The Life of Charles M. Doughty. By D. G. Hogarth. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

No better hand than Mr. Hogarth's could have been chosen to write the life of the great poet and recluse whose name is chiefly associated with "Arabia Deserta," though he wrote other epics (in verse) and thought of himself as a seer who should restore to England her ancient vision. The story of Doughty's proud and difficult career is told here with as much detail as was available to an old friend and colleague in Arabian studies. The material is by no means plentiful; but the portrait is convincing.

The Pillow-Book of Sei Shonagon. Translated by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Mr. Waley, who translated "The Tale of Genji" in four volumes, here makes a selection from the commonplace-book of Lady Murasaki's contemporary in tenth-century Japan, Sei Shonagon. The new book has not the advantage of being fiction, but it has the advantage of being true, and of giving with unexampled clarity the very hue and breath of a far-away, long gone, sophisticated, provincial court society.

The Hunting of the Buffalo. By E. Douglas Branch. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

Mr. Branch has a bloody and outrageous tale to tell—the tale of a great race of beasts during the decades when it was all but extinguished on this continent. Mr. Branch has done his work with considerable research and with remarkable temperateness of tone.

The Golden Room. Poems by Wilfred Gibson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Between Fairs. A Comedy by Wilfred Gibson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The English endurance of life has qualities of gallantry and wisdom as well as defects of sentimentality and plain inert stupidity. Wilfred Gibson's verse is very English. At its best it speaks simply, tritely, but not unworthily of love and death in the English coal country. At its worst it is Eddie Guest with an English accent. This is an unkind thing to say, but the death-in-life of the English coal miner today is not something to mumble about; it is something to flame about, and Mr. Gibson's verse never flames. His comedy is merely inept and tedious. One fears for English comedy now that Ireland is a Free State.

Music

Among the Recitalists

I

IN a season thus far rather gray, vocally speaking, the recent recitals of Heinrich Schlusnuss and Elizabeth Rethberg stand out in luminous contrast. If indeed for the moment the discouraged critic had all but decided that the art of Lieder singing had fallen into a decline, he needed but the experience of these recitals to revive his faith in this particular art. For there is nothing blatant in the gift of song. The artist must indeed become wholly merged in the composer's conception of the moment, indeed in the very fabric of his being. Such reincarnation was attained by both singers in question.

Mr. Schlusnuss came to this country last season quite unheralded, although he holds a position of some eminence in Germany. His recital at the time under the auspices of Mr. Schindler's Musical Forum evoked enthusiastic praise. This year he deserves to win a preeminent place among American concertizers. It is rare to find a singer combining such discriminating artistry with superlative vocal attainments. Above all, in his art he gives the impression of entire ease and spontaneity in style, delivery, and interpretation. He has likewise to a marked degree the gift of apparently creating his conceptions on the spur of the moment, whereas in reality they have doubtless been carefully thought out beforehand.

In his reading of Strauss, he was especially successful, revealing largesse of outline and color without ever becoming flamboyant, and disclosing the intimate subtleties of such songs as "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and Hugo Wolf's "Auch kleine Dinge" with rare divination. In these cameos, as in the more vibrant lyrics of his program, a genuineness of emotion is demanded which must never even graze on the artificial. In addition to this unusual equipment and understanding, Mr. Schlusnuss was able to bring to his task utter and complete sincerity, and thus by his commanding art to place himself among the few truly great interpreters of song. Among these distinguished few, Mme Rethberg occupies a high and unassailable rank. Indeed it can be said without exaggeration not only that she is a supreme artist, but that among the women of our time and generation her voice is undoubtedly the most beautiful. This writer admits that at her most recent recital he lost all sense of time and dimension, as if in the presence of something miraculous, something indeed that seemed to come from the disembodied spirit that Shelley speaks of in his Skylark rather than from a human throat. And is this not in truth the final test of interpreting, let us say, Schubert? Most singers fail in their readings of this master just because they are so inextricably tied to earth. Schubert's lyre, especially in such songs as the "Serenade" and "Ave Maria," implies an etherealized emotion that can be expressed only by those who can soar into the ether without a downward glance. This rare transcendency of effect Mme Rethberg attains not only by projection of mood and *Stimmung,* but by the inherent floating quality of her voice itself. With her there are no heights to be climbed, no laborious preparation of high notes to come. Indeed, they come of themselves. We hear much about the skill with which some singers manage their voices. But here is a vocal instrument which is always adequate, and which manages itself. Thus as the singer proved on this occasion she can adjust herself to a variety of styles and dictions without apparent effort, and for this reason her Mozart arias were as perfectly molded as her Strauss "Serenade" or "Vergebliches Ständchen."

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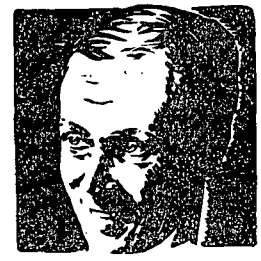
THE novel of American marriage

DODSWORTH

by Sinclair Lewis

author of

MAIN STREET and BABBITT



Sinclair Lewis's first full-length novel in two years is the story of the American husband and the American wife—a study of American marriage, its confusions, its endeavors, perhaps its futility. It asks what all classes are asking today—is the American husband wife-ridden? Are American husbands unskilled in holding the affections of their wives? Are men and women aiming at the achievement of different values? The book also raises the question of what the successful retired business man is going to do with his leisure. And here *is a group of people Sinclair Lewis likes.* $2.50

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Those who have heard her in the past season as Elsa and Elizabeth will attest that vocally at least she is a superlative interpreter of these and a number of other roles. Strange that she has not received her entire due at the hands of the critics, and that the Opera Management is willing to release her for even half a season, leaving her place to sopranos of somewhat inferior caliber. LAWRENCE ADLER

Art

Decorative Modernism

REPEATED visits to the Metropolitan's current show of industrial art bring into prominence what at first seems a minor coincidence. The show consists of groupings such as rooms, offices, and gardens, designed by leading modern architects; and the coincidence of which I speak is that among all these rooms there is only one that contains a picture. Apparently the pictures were simply forgotten, the designers being too much occupied with metal chairs, glass and tile walls, cork floors, and pigskin-covered desks. The notion of playing with such materials and surfaces has burst so suddenly that it is pursued with a sort of childlike eagerness and absorption.

Yet this lack of pictures illuminates and underlines certain qualities in the very design of the rooms. American architects have notoriously not associated with modern painting, which has generally been too "wild" or "eccentric" for them. But it is precisely this modern painting that has developed, through its exhaustive experiments, some of the main lessons for modern architecture; and it is through their practice of post-Cubistic painting that such European architects as Le Corbusier have derived much of their keen architectural analysis, particularly of the interior.

Their rooms begin as volumes of light. They are held "empty" otherwise, not out of worship for bare efficiency, but to retain the fulness of sovereign light. High light, low light, medium light: this is the essential symphony not only of domes and cathedrals but of any space, and so closely is it interwoven in our emotions that the most pleasant recollections of childhood associate themselves naturally with sunny rooms. So the walls too are considered first as reflectors; and post-Cubistic practice may give the same room a white wall where light is to be reflected, a blue one where it is to recede into space, and a brown where it is to be absorbed. But at the Metropolitan even so small an inclosure as Saarinen's lets the walls destroy spaciousness by an all-over pattern of their own, and Mr. Urban is greedy of them in his "den" for niches and carved paneling; and Mr. Schoen in his nursery lets them have a uniform pea-green glare; Mr. Hood in his loggia eats them up with a terrific overmantel and with frightful pink and gray cast concrete; Mr. Root covers them with a vulgarity of pleated velvet; Mr. Kahn tortures every inch of his bathroom with glass tile and real tile in pink and brown and black. Only intermittently does light get a chance: in Mr. Hood's office, for example (despite the unpleasant texture of fabrikoid), and one would say that perhaps Mr. Walker had designed his panels for light-absorption, did not the flummery background he gives to modern sculpture in his "sales alcove" raise grave skepticism about his respect for space: real space reappears at once, however, when Mr. Kahn in his back garden uses a simple, untortured, curved white plaster wall.

If decoration—a fact that painters learned years ago—destroys the spaciousness of light, it also covers up form. Modern furniture, as exemplified at the Metropolitan, is cleaner than the old, but it still shows the fallacy, recently voiced by no less an authority than Professor George Richard that if the new forms are not to be "eccentric" they must be decorative revision of the old—for instance, eighteenth centur By no means. As a revision of old forms, Ely Kahn's met garden chair is fine; but the *new* metal chairs in Germany b Breuer and Mies van der Rohe are finer. It is silly to dam them as "too austere for our taste" just because they are un decorated. For the economy of their mass and line is not at a a utilitarian affair; it is an artistic elimination and choice; an their actual fresh taut grace rests with assurance largely o the established tradition of experiments—in modern painting!

Not the least beauty of the room full of light and se with decorative but undecorated furniture is that it retires i favor of its occupants; and by these I mean not only peopl but pictures and flowers. A room without all these is reall uncivilized—calling attention to itself. Moreover the painter' sort of room I describe not only conserves the city's rares luxury—fresh air and clear daylight—but it lends itself beauti fully to the kind of industrial production that is pleaded fo by Mr. Lewis Mumford, while the rooms at the Metropolita are precious and expensive. They do show a great deal mor skill than these lines seem to give them credit for; Mr. Walker for example, may be saluted as a philosophic opponent; yet i might as well be noted that while our new movement is roman tic and voluble, it has not yet achieved scale. There is not th selective clarity so regularly to be expected from the *Bauhaus* for example, where architects, painters, and sculptors all stud together. DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama Notes

PROBABLY Virgil Geddes, whose first New York play "The Earth Between" (Provincetown Playhouse), is th major attraction in a two-play program, did not intenc to preach a sermon against farm life by presenting the ugl story of Nat Jennings and his daughter, but the spectator i quite justified in deducing the sermon from the scene. Farm are psychologically unwholesome places to live in for the sim ple reason that nothing is so demoralizing as loneliness. Na Jennings lost his wife and fell in love with his seventeen-year old daughter. Jake, the farm-hand, looked at that same daughter longingly, but the pre-Freudian father relegated Jake to the barn, where his bed of damp hay gave him pneumonia and he died. The play ends in the father's triumphant em brace of his daughter—an embrace that suggests approaching incest. Mr. Geddes has wisely chosen a farm as the nat ural scene of his dark struggle and, in spite of the physical limitations of the Provincetown Playhouse, has succeeded ir producing an authentic atmosphere. His method of sketching the events in eight scenes, so brief as to be little more than tragic anecdotes, is mechanically clumsy but effective. The players give an excellent performance. "The Earth Between" is preceded by Eugene O'Neill's familiar one-act monologue, "Before Breakfast," which was first played in 1917. It is a slender little tragedy in which Mary Blair harangues convincingly. P. B.

Modern French musical comedy, which is being presented at Jolson's Theater by a company of Parisians, compares favorably with the American variety. It is less elaborate but shows more spirit, probably because good acting and good voices are more generally distributed among the cast. The songs are tuneful and the girls are pretty. M. Servatius and M. Fadeuilhe, however, are the main attractions, in the order named. Their antics can be enjoyed with or without a knowledge of French. M. M.

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The Philippines and the Tariff

By RANDALL GOULD

Manila, February 8

STANDING with reluctant feet, Filipino political leaders suddenly find themselves at the meeting-point of the old, idealistic McKinley policy toward the Philippines and the new, materialistic policy of big business. The reluctance of the feet below is due to the weakness of the backbone above, in the opinion of some observers. Such observers profess to find a grave lack of constructive leadership in the Filipino camp, coupled with a corresponding tendency to reach out for formulas and "friends with a pull."

However that may be, after less than a year of administration here as governor-general, Colonel Henry L. Stimson goes to join the Hoover Cabinet amidst an almost tearful chorus of Filipino farewell. He goes as the outstanding figure, in the group around Hoover, whom the Filipinos will regard as their guide and savior. The pacifier of Nicaragua is to be the rescuer of the Philippines if Filipino entreaties can fix it.

It must not be forgotten that independence is still the Filipino demand. The special session of the Philippine Legislature is adopting a joint resolution declaring that independence, complete and immediate, provides "the only satisfactory solution for the honor and interests of both peoples," viz., Filipinos and Americans. The Philippine resident commissioners in Washington are being instructed to work diligently toward the goal of independence. All this in spite of Colonel Stimson's obvious antipathy toward the subject.

Among the younger generation of Filipinos in particular, there is genuine and fervent desire for independence and a willingness to undertake its burdens and responsibilities. This genuine desire is shared by at least a few of the more intellectual and detached leaders of Filipino thought, among whom may be named the new Philippine resident commissioner, Camilio Osias. Senator Osias is both educator and politician and his personal character stresses the former. Known in some quarters as anti-American, the truth seems plain that he is rather pro-Filipino. But can such politicians as Osias be taken as typical of Filipino leadership? Is not the passage of independence resolution after independence resolution a mere falling-back on formula, a sounding of an empty drum to make political capital on the home front? Is not the true mental status of the average Filipino political chief more truly measured by the general support of, and reliance upon, Colonel Stimson and the American dollar diplomacy for which he frankly stands?

These questions have been timely for months and for years. Now the shock of definite crisis, brought on by economic factors far more potent than any political hullabaloo, has rendered them in large degree academic. It makes very little difference whether the Filipinos want independence or not. The battle-front has shifted from Manila to Washington. What happens here, from now on, probably will mean little. What happens in Washington will mean every thing. If American beet-sugar growers, cotton-oil manu facturers, and other enemies of Philippine products succee in their efforts to alter the present mutual free-trade statu existing between the United States and the Philippines, Phil ippine independence cannot be kept in the background What the American growers want, however tactfully th matter may be put and however modified might be the firs application, is essentially the raising of a protective-tarif wall against Philippine products while at the same time th Islands are compelled to admit American goods upon th Philippine market duty free. Such a situation would b suicidal for the Islands. Confronted with it, no Filipin has any alternative to fighting for independence.

True friends of Philippine independence rejoice tha the issue has been so squarely joined, at the very momen when the election of Hoover had seemed to throw Philippin independence completely into the background. They be lieve that the Islands will now be helped toward independ ence by some of their worst enemies, who would rather s them cut off politically and economically than become increasingly powerful competitor. Foes and lukewarm sup porters of Philippine independence are correspondingly dis mayed. They do not want independence brought to th front for any reason. Most certainly they do not want con servative Republicans joining the independence camp fo economic or any other reasons. They believe in a hush-husl policy, they favor or tolerate gradual encroachment o American capital, and they would be either friendly to o acquiescent in a sudden move in Congress, at some strategi moment, toward strengthening the ties which bind this re mote possession to the United States.

For a show-down to loom in sight after so many year of talk is profoundly shocking to many people here, ever though it is agreed by all concerned that the development o the Islands has been held back by the constant uncertainty of their status. Whatever happens may in the long run prove beneficial, so long as it be definite and final, bu whatever happens—unless it take the form of a compromis —is apt to be immediately painful to powerful interests With or without independence, a tariff wall erected by th United States will hurt. Therefore the idea of a compro mise is one of peculiar sweetness to a large number of Fili pino business men and Filipino politicians, both of whom can see great merit in the thought of continued free trad coupled with American protection and perhaps a gradually increasing autonomy.

Colonel Stimson stands in their minds for just such a compromise. They see him as a friend of American capital and a part of the Hoover Administration, a man with one foot in New York and the other in Washington. The ques tion is whether these solid men of the community have not fallen into a situation bigger than themselves, bigger even than Colonel Stimson. They have tried to face many ways talking independence while wistfully sniffing after the al mighty dollar, and today they find themselves bewildered and frustrate. Their fate is in the lap of the gods, or rather of those somewhat inadequate substitutes comprising the Congress of the United States. If Filipino politicians can recognize the urgent need and summon brains and character

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unite on some one honest program, they may yet have a voice in immediate developments. If they fail now, if they continue to let expediency rule, they will be puppets of the economic forces which have precipitated the present crisis.

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